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December

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Replies And Rhetoric . . . Replies And Rhetoric . . . Replies And Rhetoric . . . Replies And Rhetoric . . . Replies

Random thoughts on balderdash

by
DAVID ARTHUR
Editor

In case you are wondering, there were no letters this month, so I'm taking this space hostage until we get some. (There, that ought to motivate you!) So I'll ramble this month through various subjects and pontificate and misspell a whole bunch and maybe you plebian remnants won't feel so daunted by the high title of editor I wear. Or something like that. Onward!

The needless sacrificing of poly-vinyl cows dept.

In case you didn't guess, this is a comment on the *KISS Homegrown Album*, which is reviewed elsewhere in these pages. Since it is, I won't comment on its quality, save in passing — yuck — but restrain myself instead to comments on the idea of the project.

The idea of an album that represents local bands is a good one. Local talent needs to be showcased and an Lp like this one, with the attendant radio exposure, *should* only help the local musical scene.

So why have I only hear of four of these groups? If seems as if most of these bands formed for the Lp. If this is a "fair" representation of the local music scene, I could well believe it is dead—but of course, it isn't. The really good and really original local bands are just too unsafe for KISS to play, just as bands like Split Enz, the Ramones and Motorhead are too unsafe for them to play. The *Homegrown Lp* does not represent the S.A. music scene fairly — what it does represent fairly is KISS' musical state of mind — and it's a sad con-

mentary. KISS is far from being a progressive station — the term reactionary fits far better. (Do you hear me, Tim Spencer?) While their format is acceptable for those who only occasionally listen to radio — once every ten or thirty years — it is a travesty to serious music fans. Over-reliance on obvious classics and modern popular trash is no way to run a radio station. It may be justifiable from an economic standpoint — but why not program Barry Manilow, too? Certainly not because of aesthetical reasons — but because your audience would leave. Somehow, I don't think it would kill you or your ratings to play Split Enz (who even have hit singles) once in awhile rather than (yawn) Journey.

Oh, yes, I forget, Split Enz doesn't sell well. Well then, why not feature ABBA as much as the Beatles?

Personally, I'm tired of the "KISS of death." I urge all who agree to turn off their radios, put on their records and/or tapes and yell "hell, no, I ain't gonna listen."

Some may feel that this is a little strong and I may agree after I get over the revulsion and indignation attendant to a listening of the *Homegrown Lp*. But this needed to be said.



Memories; they mean alot to me

Moving on to a more somber note, this month will mark the anniversary of the death of John Lennon. While this is not

the time to engage in stupid sentimentalism, the fact remains that the man is dead. While no tears can erase that fact or our loss, the loss should be remembered.

And what has changed since Lennon's death? We still have wars, we still have famine, we have some new kinds of video games, some new models of cars — and we still have handguns. Some things never change it seems — yet, that truism was something Lennon was fighting all his life. It is tragic his death happened — a society that starts to kill its artists is sick — but it is even more tragic that the circumstances that caused his death have not been changed.

I am a member of the generation succeeding the "Beatlemania" generation. I had little time to learn about the man — like time to hear his music. Now all I have is memories and I still, one year later, feel very angry. This feeling is only increased by the fact that handguns are still legal.

It would be trite to try to say much about Lennon and his music at this point — so much has already been said. Just remember, though, that they ARE gone and all that is left to us are some photographs, writings and pieces of vinyl. More than most people leave behind, I suppose, but it seems inadequate. But I guess that's true of anything left behind after anybody dies — it's never enough, especially when the loss is so sudden — and so cruel.

Concert Incidents

If you examine our *In Concert* section, you will notice that there is an accounting of the Def Leppard/Blackfoot concert. While I have no idea why the members of Blackfoot acted as they did, I would like to say that I feel they

belong more in a nursery school than on a stage. The cheapness and egotism of their conduct do not bespeak well of either the band or their music. There, I feel better already — don't you?

Random samples, polls & etc.

We won't have an issue next month — we always take off in January, so our next issue will be in February. At that time we will run the result of the critics poll. What about the reader's poll you say? Well, due to low response, we are discontinuing it. If I were you, I'd get mad and send in my vote for best Lp, group, new group, male and female star, anyway.

If we get enough response there might be a poll anyway — and even if there isn't, we might print one or two responses at random. Besides, our mailbox is lonely. So write — not just poll responses, but real letters. Those who get their letters printed will receive absolutely nothing but a brief notoriety. What a deal! The address is: Box 5629, San Antonio, TX 78201. Your letters do make a difference, so write. The address again: Box 5629, San Antonio, TX 78201.

New writers — please?

Look, you clowns are always saying that you hate my heavy metal reviews, right? And that I'm full of it, right? So write for us. Meet those stars you've always wanted to meet. Impress your girl. Win friends and influence your enemies. Collect autographs. Bylines. Both. So write, right now — or call. That's 732-8347, ask for Ron. If you have the guts, write for us. Be somebody.

And for those still in doubt, write a letter. That's Box 5629, San Antonio TX 78201. It would mean so much. (HA!)—
RNR

Again, Box 5629, S.A., TX 78201.



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Texas' hottest blues pickers hit town after opening for the Rolling Stones in Dallas & Houston. Ron Young was on the scene.

King Crimson

Robert Fripp & Co. return. Perhaps the most incisive and adventureson band around today, Crimson, after a 7-year layoff, is once again on a venturesome path, followed by David Arthur.

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Los Thunderbirds Fabuloso

by
RON YOUNG
Publisher

The Fabulous Thunderbirds are a R&B honky-tonk band from Austin who, despite their three fine albums for Chrysalis, are just beginning to make it big. They've toured Europe opening for Rockpile and most recently kicked off the Rolling Stones shows in

and The Cupcakes' "Mathilda". Vaughn's playing was solid and he really cooked on his terse solos. The rhythm section performed like a well-oiled machine. If you were there and weren't dacing or at least standing on your chair then maybe you'd better check your pulse.

Between sets I went backstage for a brief interview with the band. While the club's

JV: Kim writes most of our stuff. He wrote taht song in a motel room while we were on tour with Rockpile. Nick just walked in and it just happened. But Kim writes with a lot of people.

RNR: What are your plans for a new album?

KW: Well, Chrysalis has extended or option and we really don't have much planned. There's a guy named Frankie Miller (who wrote "Ain't Got No Money" for Bob Seger) who's writing some things for us.

RNR: Do you foresee some changes ahead? The J. Geils Band began as an R&B outfit, but especially lately they've begun encompassing more than just R&B.

Keith Ferguson: Like the J. Geils Band I'm gonna marry the first actress I see! (chortles)

JV: We don't plan stuff like that.

KF: We may have flying saucers on our next album or flying ashtrays, I don't know.

JV: We'll stay a four-piece even though we might add a piano or soe horn when we record. We just try to be what we



The T-Birds

both Houston and Dallas.

The 6-year-old T-Birds play jump blues that aim straight for the pelvis. It's closer to the roots than the flashy white-boy blues played by fellow Texans ZZ Top and Johnny Winter. It's the kind of stuff that's guaranteed to get you out on the dance floor whether you have a partner or not. And, no, they don't play just for winos.

The band consists of Jimmie Vaughn on guitar. Jimmie cultivates the greasy look to perfection. You could probably give your Chevy a lube job with the amount of grease he slicks his hair back with. But looks aren't everything, because he's sure got the chops. He's played guitar behind Freddy King and learned his Texas style from him. Vaughn is also greatly influenced by Louisiana legends Guitar Slim and Guitar Junior.

Kim Wilson doesn't just play harmonica, he makes it walk and talk. He also sings in a tuff sleazy voice that turns on the green light in dancers. He met Vaughn while in a Minneapolis-based band. He then relocated to Austin. He's played with such rockers as Nick Lowe and Dave Edmunds and blues greats like Jimmy Reed, Howlin' Wolf, and Muddy Waters, who calls Kim "the greatest harmonica player there is today, the reincarnation of Little Water."

No band would be complete without a good rhythm section and Fran Christiana on drums and Keith Ferguson on bass nail down their end tighter than a coffin lid. Christiana previously played with Asleep At The Wheel and Big Walter Horton. Ferguson performed with Johnny Winter and Freddy Fender. Together they're a hard one-two combination that will put you away faster than you can say "Sugar Ray."

The Thunderbirds rolled into S.A. last month to play their last show of a grinding three-month tour at the Rock Saloon. While the place was not sold-out it was well-attended. After two gut-wrenching, kick-out-the-jams sets by the opening band, Dogman and The Sheppards, that left the crowd surprised and breathless, The T-Birds finally came onstage to do their thing.

They opened with a Juke Boy Bonner instrumental that showcased Wilson's harp playing, then launched into a saucy version of "Tear It Up" that had the audience dancing in the palm of their hand. They continued to build up steam with such original favorites as "That's Enough Of That Stuff", "One's Too Many", and "Wait On Time", plus fine covers of Slim Harpo's "Tip On In" and "Scratch My Back", as well as others, including a great rendition of Cookie sound system blasted Journey so loud that I couldn't hear myself testing my tape ma-

chine I slapped hands with many S.A. musicians like sax-wiz Frank "Jalapeno" Rodarte and members of the Hurricane Blues Band before getting down to business with the Birds.

RNR: Jimmie, how'd you come to be known as Muddy Waters' favorite band?

Jimmie Vaughn: He just likes us. We used to open for him in Austin when we were the house band at Antone's. Then we used to back up all the big blues stars who came through Austin.

Everywhere Muddy went he told people he liked us and that didn't do any harm.

RNR: I heard you used to play guitar with the late, great Freddy King.

JV: I used to follow him around in Dallas. Then he let me play with him in his band. He was one of my heroes.

RNR: I noticed tha when you do a cover of, say, a Slim Harpo or a Little Millet number like "Rich Woman", that you stay pretty close to the original version. Any reason why you don't mess with them?

Kip Wilson: It's like a James Brown song, you can either do it right or do it wrong. We do a lot of covers that no one else does. There's no sense in doing "Sweet Home Chicago" or "Little Red Rooster", there's too many bands doing that.

RNR: How do you write your originals? Many of them sound as good as vintage standards.

KW: We just try to be ourselves and stay close to our roots.

RNR: You wrote "One's Too Many" with Nick Lowe and that has more of a pop feel to it than your other tunes. Do you often collaborate with others?

"Like the J. Geils band,
I'm gonna marry the first
actress I see!"

— Keith Ferguson

RNR: One last question. How'd you land the gig with the Stones?

KF: We had to blow Jagger. (laughter)

JV: Their agent just called ours because they had heard about us. We really liked doing those shows and playing for that many people.

KF: At the Dallas shows, though, it was colder than a well-digger's ass.

RNR: Are you having more success getting gigs now due to the exposure you got opening for the Stones?

JV: San Antonio's about the only place we can't play. We came here a few years ago and played some Willie and Waylon place. (Reed's Red Derby, now Maggie's) where people were eating steaks, and they looked at us like, what's this all about? San Antonio's a hard place to play because it's so big and there's really no club scene.

The Thunderbirds hopped back onstage to run through one more blistering set before that long, slow ride back to Austin. They received a fine ovation from the fans who attended their show reminding quite a few of a young Butterfield Blues Band. You can bet they won't be playing at a steak house the next time they hit S.A.—RNR



The Fabulous Thunderbirds
at the Rock Saloon



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King Crimson • past & present

AN OBSERVATION by DAVID ARTHUR Editor

Over a decade ago, back in 1969, there was a debut album by a band called King Crimson. The album, entitled *In The Court of the Crimson King: An Observation by King Crimson* set a standard for the art rock of the time. Adventurous and daring, Crimson lost no time in distinguishing themselves from such "pop" competition as The Moody Blues and Yes.

Over its five year history, Crimson evolved, changing drastically. The only constant was founder and guitarist Robert Fripp. Members would come and go, the band would change in sound and size, but Fripp would always be there at the center of it, orchestrating the storm, as it were.

The band finally ended its career after recording an album that ironically enough, many considered to be their best. *Red* was a tour de force of Wagnerian heavy metal — powerfully uplifting, it transcended classification. It is still the finest example of "symphonic" rock existent.

At this point, Fripp got fed up with it all, and called it quits, retiring to attend to his spiritual needs. After the retirement ended in '77, he embarked on the Frippertronics solo venture, releasing three Lps of his guitar and tape loop meditations before forming a new band last year. League of Gentlemen were a sort of hyperkinetic dance band that released one Lp — supposedly an unworthy testament to their live ability.

LOG was disbanded and Fripp decided to form a new band late last year with drummer Bill Bruford, who had been in the last edition of King Crimson. The two Englishmen recruited two Americans — guitarist Adrian Belew (David Bowie, the Talking Heads) and bassist/stick player Tony Levin (Peter Dinklage) and toured under the name Discipline. But according to Bruford, he and Fripp soon realized that the band actually sounded like King Crimson. So the legendary art rock band was re-born.

This might seem like a convenient rationalization for the band's capitulation on an established and respected name. But King Crimson was always Robert Fripp — though Robert Fripp is not always King Crimson, as his solo career proved. And the band's recent album, *Discipline*, and American tour have proven that this is no lame "regrouping". The band's recent concert in Austin on Nov. 21 at the Operahouse showed four musicians at the height of their creative powers, both singularly and as a group. The music writhed and flailed, with a precision and spontaneity that is rare, indeed.

Belew and Fripp's guitar interplays were transcendent and a lot of other cliches — it was also the best guitar interplay that anyone is likely to hear, at least within a group context. Both are adventuresome guitarists, who are capable of incredible effects and textures — without resorting to the toy train sets of effects pedals most guitarists feel they need.

Levin and Bruford were an inexhaustible rhythm section, relentless, subtle and tidal. Their rhythms interlocked with the guitars to create an effect that . . . well, they made Yes look like a garage band.

Add to this the band's ease — they were all smiling and relaxed, obviously enjoying the music and the group interaction — and you have an incredible performance. Everyone in the place had their mouths wide open. When the band recreated a traffic jam during a "jam", all that was needed was Belew's blowing of a traffic whistle to complete the effect. The honking cars, the screeching tires — all were there, in the music.

Unlike most bands of this ilk, Crimson managed to avoid pretentiousness too. Belew's vocals were quirky and teasing, and he was always aware of the audience. Indeed, his good humor deflated the band's collective ego.

The only thing lacking was an emotive quality — the passion was there, but try as they might, the band simply couldn't communicate emotions on anything but a grand scale. This was typical of the band's classical roots — but I can't help feeling that more meaningful lyrics and a more focused approach to message when writing a song would help this King Crimson. But these songs, are after all, the first this group of musicians have tried together.

The band performed songs mainly off the new Lp and some unreleased material. They performed "Red" and I thought I heard the coda from "Larks Tongues in Aspic" but that was all of Crimson's previous work that they exhibited. For their second encore, the band did a "jam" around the key of D — a piece of such spontaneity and complexity that it was hard to believe that rock musicians are supposedly functioning illiterates when it comes to their instruments. But of course, these guys aren't.

The audience stood all night — no dancing, no sitting, just standing and watching. They even waited for ten minutes for the second encore, even though the house lights were on. Somebody was impressed, that's for sure.

After the show, I had an opportunity to talk to Bill Bruford. During the interlude between King Crimsons, Bruford has played with such bands as Genesis, U.K. and his own group, Bruford, a jazz-rock fusion band that was never as successful as it should have been. A founding member of Yes, he left that band to join Crimson in the early 70s and is considered to be one of the best drummers in the world — and with good reason. His style is state of the art for any musical form and his sense of rhythm is dead on.

Determined to get the obvious question out of the way, I asked Bruford how King Crimson came to be reformed. "Robert (Fripp) called and suggested we form a first division group (a Frippian term for a major band). No name was suggested. So we started rehearsing with Adrian Belew, who's Robert's favorite guitarist, in November. The word discipline appeared to describe some music we were doing. In the Spring, we went out (on tour) as Discipline, having found Tony Levin, whose stick playing is fundamental to the group," Bruford said.

"It became transparent," he continued, "that this band was not Discipline but King Crimson. It was making noises like one. The audience has come to expect certain things from a King Crimson album — an unconventional approach, an updating of the musical vocabulary . . . a glimpse of the future, if you like. Hopefully, what we're doing now will influence others."

Bruford elaborated on the band's approach, explaining that in the band's music, the two guitars and the stick — a multi-stringed instrument that is somewhere between a guitar and a bass — created a "fabric". Bruford, who describes himself as a "renegade drummer", sees the new Crimson as having a "lighter sound." Bruford feels that a musician's role "should change radically from one song to another" and notes that within Crimson it does. "The whole point of discipline is you do not attract attention to yourself — you draw attention to the collective group."

"The casual viewer," Bruford added, "will not notice anything happening. 'Why aren't they doing something' — they are."

Bruford noted that the band gets many of its musical ideas from Eastern sources. "To most Western listeners, there must be an event every eight bars for them to realize music is occurring." He emphasized that this is not true for an Eastern listener, but cautions that the band, by utilizing Eastern

work to do — there must be musical notes to fit this (definition). That's why all the songs were written by King Crimson on *Discipline*. That's his function as a leader — for the last three years I've played on my own ballpark — I've thoroughly explored that. It doesn't matter whose ballpark it is so long as the game is interesting," he concluded.

Bruford is optimistic about the band's chances for success in the U.S., noting that he has been very surprised by the reaction the band has received here. While admitting that the band is more interested in developing as musicians than in commercial success, he admitted to having some concern over the band's popularity.

"Hopefully, what we're doing now will influence others." — Bill Bruford

Bruford feels that the band's lack of FM airplay will not hurt them, predicting that "American FM radio will not be the force in three years that it is now. We will bypass you." He added that there was music before radio and there will be music after it. "You just need to find a way," he said, commenting that word of mouth, cable TV,



King Crimson: Tony Levin, Bill Bruford, Adrian Belew and Mr. Fripp (from l. to r.)

influences, "is not trying to 'transcend' anything."

Bruford is also insistent upon audience participation. Nothing that many audiences come to a concert and sit passively, waiting to be entertained, he admitted that "it helps" if the audience understands it might have to make an effort. "It's not consumer entertainment," Bruford declared.

Bruford added that the band is asking the audience to "leave quite a lot of your preconceptions behind. If you participate, you will get more out of it — it will be more attractive — rather than if you sit back and suck our blood out."

Since King Crimson previously ended in rather abrupt circumstances, just as the band was apparently about to make its American breakthrough, it would be understandable if Bruford had been reluctant to rejoin Fripp. After all, he had had his own band — why should he play in a group lead by someone else? Bruford does not have this attitude, however. Bruford terms the reforming of Crimson "an exhilarating and exciting thing", adding that he never expected the band to reform. He noted that his stint as a band leader with Bruford had been "very useful. I learned a lot — about music. I was not just a drummer — I was the leader, the composer — I solved a lot of problems with it." He added though, that this was no reason not to rejoin Crimson.

"It's perfectly acceptable. Robert, as leader, defines the ballpark on which we are going to play and then says, 'come on, let's go and play.' That still leaves an awful lot of

video — all provide ways to bypass radio.

"We don't underestimate our audience. We treat them as we would treat ourselves. We are treating you as adult rather than children. We are not a fascist organization." Bruford felt that radio's habit of aiming at the lowest common denominator and of programming conservatively has resulted in radio stations that all sound the same. "It's censorship of the worst kind," he said.

"Obviously, bands like us can't wait for the change," he added, predicting that by their third album, King Crimson will have made a severe indentation on America.

Bruford noted that he could not stand to play in any band that played music that was "commercially" safe. He felt that a musician, in order to have self-respect, has to play for intelligent people. "There's a level of professionalism and integrity below which the band shouldn't go — if it does, it isn't King Crimson."

Bruford commented that the band is due to record at least three albums for their present label, Warner Brothers, and will probably record five. "What we've got going on the first album are more questions than answers in a way. We need further work to see what we can do with it."

Bruford noted that he adapted a lot for the new incarnation of Crimson, adding electric drums to his arsenal of percussion instruments.

"You're expected to change," he said. "That's the whole point of being in a band — it's a vehicle by which you can learn about yourself." — RNR

Toots and The Maytals: reggae and soul



photo by Robbin Cresswell

by
ANTHONY ROGER
Freelance Writer

Toots and The Maytals are one of the most popular bands in Jamaica. Fred "Toots" Hibberts, who sang in Baptist choirs as a child, formed the Maytals in the early '60s. The band has been a considerable influence on Jamaican music and therefore, on reggae. When in San Antonio last month to play a show at the Rock Saloon on November 12, I had a chance to interview Toots.

RNR: Well I guess I will start with a basic question, Toots, where did you start singing, when and why?

Toots: I started to sing when I was very young — in the church. Every Sunday my family was going to church, and I was singing. Small boy with a big voice.

RNR: What types of songs?

Toots: Well you know — Gospel an' religious songs — In Kingston we sang de songs of our Lord.

RNR: When did you begin to listen to Reggae?

Toots: Well, you 'ave first rocksteady and also ska music — you know? an' we hear it on the radio an' in the street — so we like it. We also listen to American radio stations when dey come in, an' we listen to the blues an' old funk — so I was singin' dis stuff too, but I no mek record for years.

RNR: What American singers had an influence — who did you like?

Toots: I like Wilson Pickett ver' much. Also listened a lot to Otis Redding — him ver' good. Many people on the radio-righteous waves.

RNR: Soul music — was it popular in Jamaica back then?

Toots: Yeh, you see we listened to whatever we could, an' we try to bring in a new rhythm for the sounds.

RNR: Let's talk about your religion. You are a member of the Coptic church which is different than Rasta in many ways?

Toots: Yes, I am a member of the Coptic church — the first church in de' world. I know Rasta, but I don't pray to a God in the sky that I cannot see, nor a God across de' ocean. We are dealing with the real world; the love that is in you — is in your heart — an' dat is God. I cannot deal with something that I do not know; ya know? — so we are a people of love — ONE LOVE — spelled L O U V — an' you 'ave to write it very big — L O U V in big letters!

RNR: How is the Coptic church different from the Rasta that is familiar in the states?

Toots: Well, I don't wear locks (dreadlocks). If you read the Bible — Leviticus twenty three — you will see dat it say a man must keep his head clean and combed. Also Psalms — it say the Lion king keep his hair together an' strong. We don't take 'dis to mean locks — is just commercial.

RNR: So dreadlocks in your opinion are more or less commercial?

Toots: This is what I am saying.

RNR: Is Selassee (The late emporer Haile Selassee of Ethiopia) the almighty?

Toots: You are talking about Haylee Selassee, or Haile Selassee?

RNR: Haile Selassee.

Toots: Well, you see Haylee Selassee created Haile Selassee. Haylee Selassee make his name Haile Selassee — the Lion King of Judah — King of Kings and Lord of Lords — quen Amigo. When I recite prayer — I pray to the living being in me — Haile Selassee — in my heart. An' Haylee

Selassee mek Haile Selassee from one love in his heart.

RNR: The idea of ONE LOVE, ONE PEOPLE is then from Haile Selassee?

Toots: Yeh.

RNR: What do you think about repatriation to Ehtiopia?

Toots: Every vine must return to his fig tree.

RNR: Do you want to live in Africa?

Toots: No, I want to make a hit record! (hearty laughter — long pause) I want to live where I feel the most highest love — so I can smoke my herb an deal with the world in my way — ya know?

RNR: Is there still oppression in Jamaica against the Coptic church?

Toots: In the Bible it say that a man mus' protec' his faith — that a man mus' make all men know his love. An' so I see war an' trouble, but I know I have love in my heart an' so I will go on. An' you must love yourself, for de' same God that created me — he created you — an you love yourself — and I love myself because he created me, the blackman, before he created you.

RNR: What about herb?

Toots: What kind of herb? Everything is herb. You have herb that you eat, like fruit, and you have herb that you smoke?

RNR: Smoking herb.

Toots: The lord give to man herb to smoke. It is in the Bible. The herb is the callie, the sustenance of life. When you smoke your herb — you are praying to God from your heart. You feel good. You want to sing. (singing) — all of the beautiful things, all of the beautiful things! (laughter).

RNR: When you perform, how do you feel? What's it like on stage?

Toots: It is upfull. Come mek we a song (motioning to other band members). Come mek fe we I a song now! Universal love and guidance!

RNR: Do you feel Reggae is becoming more popular?

Toots: Reggae music is love. Music made to pray to God. To meditate. If people are tired of living in their own thorn bush — they will hear Reggae. If they want to spread the water of truth among the brethren — they will hear Reggae.

RNR: Do you have any projects in the making? Perhaps a record with another well-known musician such as yourself?

Toots: No not yet. Is coming next summer the Sunsplash (Reggae festival in Kingston from May to July) an when it come then maybe I be with the brethren to make joyous sounds together. I don't think before.

RNR: What about your rhythm section? Is there any particular reason why you chose these musicians over others?

Toots: Yes, I am partial to my own people dat I grew up wit'. I know dese boys since I was close to my mother, and we play together.

RNR: I noticed that the only original "Maytal" was Hux Brown. What happened to the others?

Toots: Well every man mus' go an seek his own love. Some o' dem go to play with others, and some o' dem want to stay back home. I don't know.

RNR: How often do you like to tour?

Toots: Man, I can tour all de time. All de time I tell you! I jus' love to sing and to talk like we are doing now. I could talk to tomorrow.

RNR: When people talk about you, Toots, they always seem to bring up the bit about your ability to sing soul and even off-beat blues. What would you rather be known as a singer — a soul singer or a Reggae singer?

Toots: What I sing is comin' from my heart. Is not either this or that. Is music for the people. I am Jamaican, a brother of the Coptic church, an' I like to sing. If you want to call it soul — I deal wit' you — If you want to call it Reggae — I deal wit you. I like it.

RNR: Is Jamaica any safer now for members of your church and also for other Rasta?

Toots: I tell you. Dis' is politics an' I don't deal in politics. Don' want to waste my time wit' de mon who condemn my herb. Because de mon who condemn the herb is the wicked man. Sometimes you can say the wicked man is in control of the people and you mus' use all the love an power in your heart to keep the wicken man from skimming' you out. One Love; One people.

RNR: Musically you want to make a hit record. You said that. If yo had to tell me what you wanted to do next, spiritually, what would it be?

Toots: I want to let the people of America an' all de worl' know that I love them. I want to make records because that is what the people want from me of this earth. If I can be wit' music, then so be the fruit of my life. Music is what turn the worl' aroun'.

Toots promised that he would return early next year for a two-night stand. After an extensive round of questioning from Toots, himself, I spoke with other members of the band who were eager to be of assistance. For the listener strongly recommend the *Funky Kingston* album and also *Pass The Pipe*.

The *Jamaican Wave* can be heard on KRTU-FM 91.7 on Saturdays between 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. and starting the week of December 5, 1981 the *Jamaican Wave* will begin at 5 p.m. and run till 7 p.m.

—RNR



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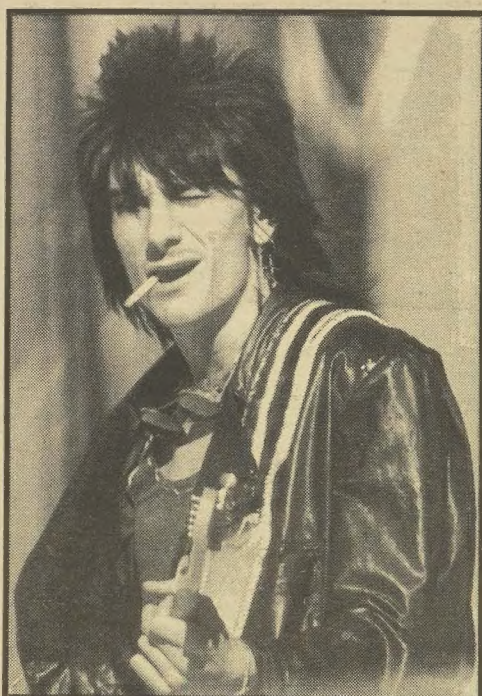
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The Rolling Stones: Thru the past darkly . . .

by
TIM LAWLESS
Contributing Writer

A rather odd combination, really: a rubber lipped perpetually adolescent lead singer who could barely carry a conventional tune; two guitarists, one streetwise, the other eccentric, whose personal excesses would become legendary (and for one, fatal); a jazz drummer who would become one of the greatest in rock, while breeding sheep dogs on the side. Their music was always second hand, their musicianship was seldom above average and their willingness to compromise musical styles was matched only by their ambition to get rich. Of course, we are talking about rock's most famous band, The Rolling Stones. They have had many great moments, some mediocre ones, and some terribly embarrassing ones.

When they first started out, they were a white English band interpreting black American artists' work. It is obvious they were in-



Ron Wood: Formal — oh my God, I lost my tux!

Stone" by Bob Dylan, it summed up an entire generation's sentiments and crammed them onto several minutes' worth of vinyl. With Richard's stinging guitar lines (not to mention censorable lyrics in the third stanza) and Watt's frantic drumming, it flatly expressed the social frustration and confusion that many kids were going through at that time.

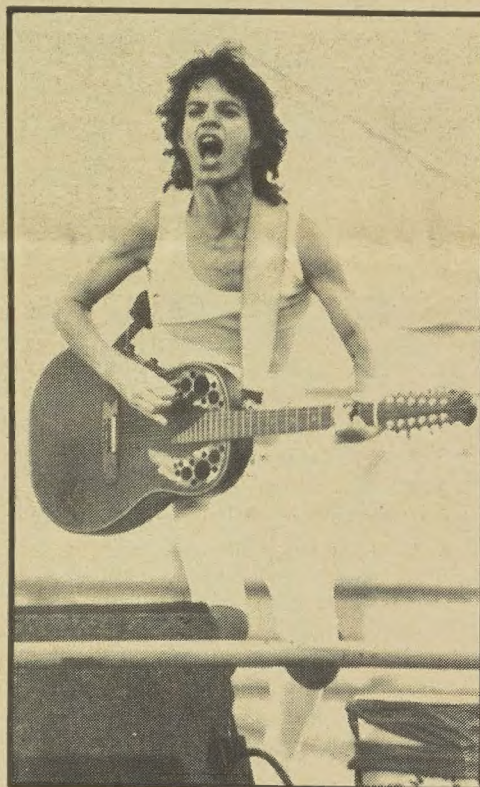
Aftermath was the album that saw the Stones blossom into a great band. Performing all original material, they entered very subtly into their brief psychedelic stage. From this point on (or until 1972) their singles would be regarded as classic. Their music remained hard, lean and fast blues-based rock (a la Chuck Berry), but they developed a style and technique that would be undeniably theirs. *Between the Buttons* breaks the trend somewhat, being an almost subdued album influenced by that seminal sixties artist, Bob Dylan. *Flowers* is a mixed bag. Containing three repeated songs from the two previous albums and some fine original material ("Ride on Baby," "Sittin' on a Fence") it also sports one of the most dreadful covers of the Temptation's "My Girl" you're ever likely to hear.

After the Beatles released *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, their art/bombast contribution to the First Psychedelic Era, nothing was ever the same again. This was true regarding the Stones' next album, *Their Satonic Majesties Request*, which saw them in self-absorbed druggy environs, and earned

them critical tongue-lashings like they've never received before. In retrospect, they seemed to be mocking the Beatles' pretensions to art, but they abruptly shifted gears at this point and from 1968 to 1972 became the best rock and roll band kicking around.

Beggar's Banquet is possibly the Rolling Stones' most solid album; their sound is firm, intense and uncompromising. "Sympathy for the Devil" which established a legendary persona for Jagger as Satan's jester, was minimalist in its instrumentation but rich with implications ("I shouted out: 'Who killed the Kennedys?/When after all, it was you and me.'"). "Street Fighting Man", "Salt of the Earth" and "No Expectations" catch the Stones beginning to peak, and are some of the finest songs they've made.

Nineteen sixty nine was a crucial year for the band. Brian Jones had died and Mick Taylor replaced his position (Jones had quit some months before) at rhythm guitar. Then their 1969 tour, which was quite successful, was climaxed by the fiasco at Altamont. *Let It Bleed*, released late that year, might well be the Stones' best album. Many critics (including myself, if I count as a critic) think "Gimme Shelter" is the best rock song of all time, a keynote for the attitudes of the late Sixties, and "You Can't Always Get What You Want" along with "You Got the Silver" are some of their best



Alright, you back there — dance!

material. Unfortunately, the remainder of the album doesn't maintain this level; "Country Honk" is an insult to their brilliant "Honky Tonk Women" single, and "Live With Me" is perhaps a decadent remark about the status Mick's lifestyle was attaining.

Sticky Fingers is an interesting change of pace album, full of sex and drugs, just when songs about sex and drugs were becoming unfashionable. It is one of the most quiet (instrumentally) albums they've ever made, but they show their colors throughout. "Brown Sugar" explores the social ramifications of slave trading, "Wild Horses" is a bitter tribute to Marianne Faithfull (Mick's ex-lover) and "Moonlight Mile", the closing track, is awesome and majestic, but makes implicit reference to cocaine use. *Exile on Main Street*, released a year later, saw them return to the basics of 1964-65, and it is an album firmly rooted in the Ray Charles/Chuck Berry/Elmore James brand of gospel/rock/blues musicianship. The material is stretched a bit thin at times, but overall, it is a very satisfying album that

fronts two superb singles, "Tumbling Dice" and "Happy".

From this point on, the story is not very happy. *Goat's Head Soup* strikes out on three pitches, being their worst effort at that time. Junk like "100 Years Ago" and "Dancing with Mr. D" are terrible pop songs — terrible anything, for that matter, uninspired and hollow. *It's Only Rock and Roll* rebounds somewhat, the title track being an expression for an entire school of rock thought, but aside from their exploration of reggae ("Luxury"), there is little new or interesting here. *Black and Blue* (1976) finds them floundering between rock, pop, reggae and soul — and unable to effectively close any of the gaps that aging produces.

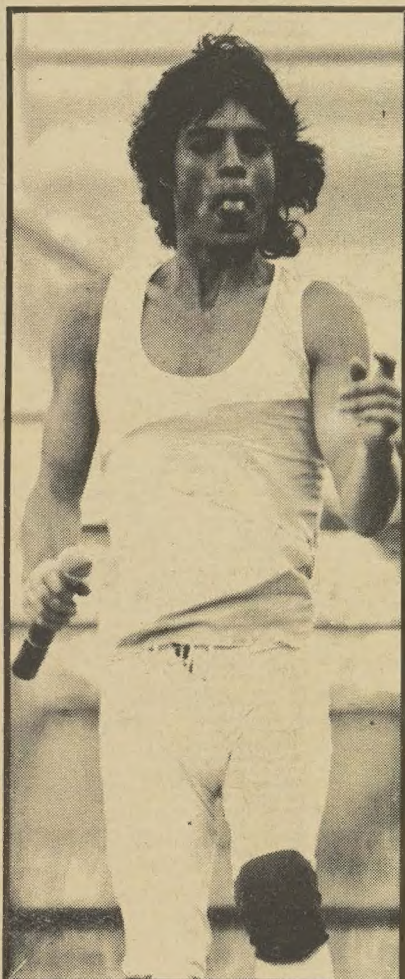


Jagger the Fop

Some Girls is not the Stones' best album, (it really doesn't even come close), but it is catchy, sticking all over the listener like flypaper. Anyone who walks away from that album without humming "Beast of Burden" has got problems. If *Some Girls* was a come back, *Emotional Rescue* was a resounding Go Away! Mick's falsetto on the title track is pathetic, the rest is mediocre at best. But *Tattoo You* has stunned us all — we had forgotten how good the Stones could be, and instead of getting excited every year over their weak crap, we have something legitimate to dance about.

They're at the end of their tether, artistically speaking, and *Tattoo You* may have shot their wad. The Rolling Stones have never seemed comfortable sounding frank, and let's make it: Mick Jagger's life is just one big facade. They'll probably release one more album, or two, and maybe tour once more. But it seems to be asking too much of them to start afresh at the age of 40; after all, they never were the most original band to surface in the history of rock. At any rate, the Stones will certainly be remembered as one of the greatest bands of all time, up there with the Beatles, Elvis and Bob Dylan.

—RNR



Nah, nah, nah — I get paid for this!

terested in the blues, but since they reasoned they would probably never totally understand the sentiments behind them, they figured that trying to capture the spirit of the blues (like Eric Clapton) would be a pretty hopeless proposition. So they contented themselves with glossing over the details and using the past as a springboard for the present. Like the Beatles, Led Zeppelin and the Sex Pistols, they took an idea from the past, modified it, and called it their own; such is the stuff of great rock and roll.

Their first five studio albums comprise the classic R&B phase of their career. Few originals dot them; they lean primarily on old soul and R&B classics to carry the weight. They added a certain quality to these songs, a dirty loneliness and embittered hurt that set their sound quite apart from the Beatles, who threatened to explode into gleeful chaos at any moment. The deciding factor was the rhythm section, who always seemed to be a quarter beat or so behind Jagger's vocals, which gave them that ragged feel.

"Satisfaction" was the single that broke them into the big time. Like "Like a Rolling



Keith: I left my stash in Toronto . . .

The Rolling Stones: Into the present . . .

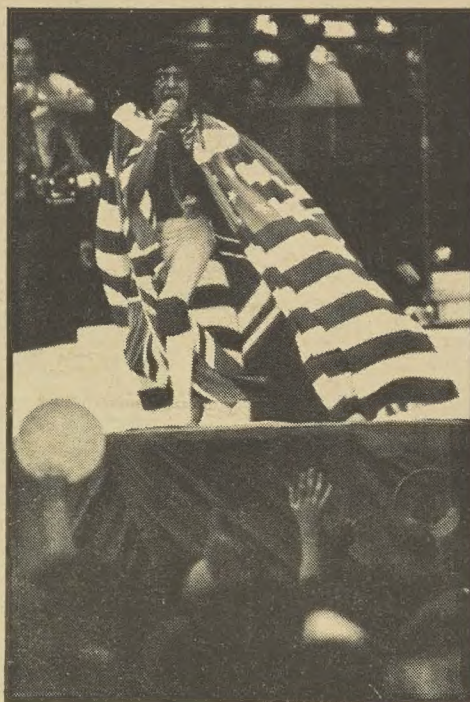
ROLLING STONES
Dallas
November 1
by
TIM LAWLESS
Contributing Writer

Certainly THE EVENT of 1981, as far as rock and roll is concerned, is the reemergence of The Greatest Rock Band in the World. 1980 was a bad year for the Rolling Stones; *Emotional Rescue* was a second-rate effort, and an embalming seemed to be a fitting justice for such rickety old men. But while inconsistency has always been a Stones' trademark, it has worked distinctly

better than I expected.

Mick Jagger appeared wearing football pants (sans hip and tailbone pads) and a Dallas Cowboy jersey with 33 on the front (Tony Dorsett's number, natch). The concert itself could be broken up into three distinct stages, and the first stage was certainly the weakest of the three. Of the nine songs that made up this stage, only "Under My Thumb", the lead song, and "Imagination" were really anything above average. After the first song, the sound mix seemed to fall apart, and most of their songs suffered accordingly. Their songs have never relied on pristine sound or self-conscious technocracy for effect — the reader should check out Rush or the Eagles if that's your bag — but the sound quality got so bad that often songs were a garbled mess. Side note: the biggest surprise of the afternoon came when they covered Eddie Cochran's "Twenty Flight Rock"; it wasn't successful, but it was a noble effort nonetheless.

The second stage was comprised of ten songs, half of them being recent material (off the last three albums), and half early material (pre-1973); accordingly, the songs were much better. The first five songs were very good — "Time Is On My Side", "Beast of Burden", and "Let It Bleed" were quite competent (Ronnie Wood's slide guitar on the latter was positively wicked), and "You



Tangled up in red, white & blue

wasn't great, but it was an exciting weekend, no matter how you cut it. But the last six songs, everything jelled and the band caught fire. The first of these, "Miss You", sounded like a grinding blues number, with churning guitars and a concrete rhythm section. "Start Me Up" followed, and it sizzled with an intensity that they hadn't displayed before. Jagger's vocals were peaking at this stage, and the mood seemed ripe for the band to get better.

And it was, as the Stones wisely went for their classic singles to carry the weight during the crucial climax of the show. "Honky Tonk Women" followed and it had that gritty, raunchy feel; it got the performance that one of the best singles ever released deserved. The Stones showed the fine 12-bar blues-cum-Chuck Berry rock style that made famous as they produced a blazing version of "Brown Sugar", "Jumpin' Jack Flash", the penultimate song, featured an extended jam, while Jagger climbed into a cherry picker to optimize his exposure to the audience. Apparently, the set was over, but they came back to turn in a powerful, searing encore: "Satisfaction", in what was surely the best song of the day. The crowd screamed "I can't get no!" while Jagger roamed the stage like a caged lion; the band was never sharper. A fireworks display, while backed by Jimi Hendrix's "Star Spangled Banner", capped off the show.

It was an entertaining show, to say the least, and that's all the Stones sought to do. Jagger's moves on stage were always exaggerated, and this probably was necessary to make the show worthwhile for those

in the cheap seats some 150+ yards away from the stage. But often those moves were forced and too carefully contrived — often he seemed to momentarily freeze as he had to think about what he was going to do next. And after a while, the stage gimmicks wore thin — I mean, how exciting can it get to watch Wood, Richard and Jagger exchange caps for two hours? But Ronnie Wood was the clown, (as well as instrumental leader — he took most of the solos) running around, providing a foil for Jagger's constant self-indulgent wallowing and crowd baiting. Richards and Wyman were nearly immobile, and I was shocked to see that Bill could actually run when Mick dragged him up to the front of the stage.

As for as the material was concerned, it was extremely well chosen. Twelve of the twenty-five songs were from *Some Girl* or



photo by Robbin Cresswell

the Fop

to their advantage: when they make a good comeback after a bad album, it makes them look all the better.

Consider that the Stones are the single hardest band to analyze. Teenagers who have to stretch their memories to recall *Black and Blue* present mindless, gushing raptures on how great "the Stones" are. Mick Jagger is probably the biggest sex symbol of the last two decades, and the incredible smoke-screen that surrounds their every move makes it all the more difficult to get to the core of their music. But a persistent Stones fan (like myself) can usually get to the bottom. Or at least we like to think we can.

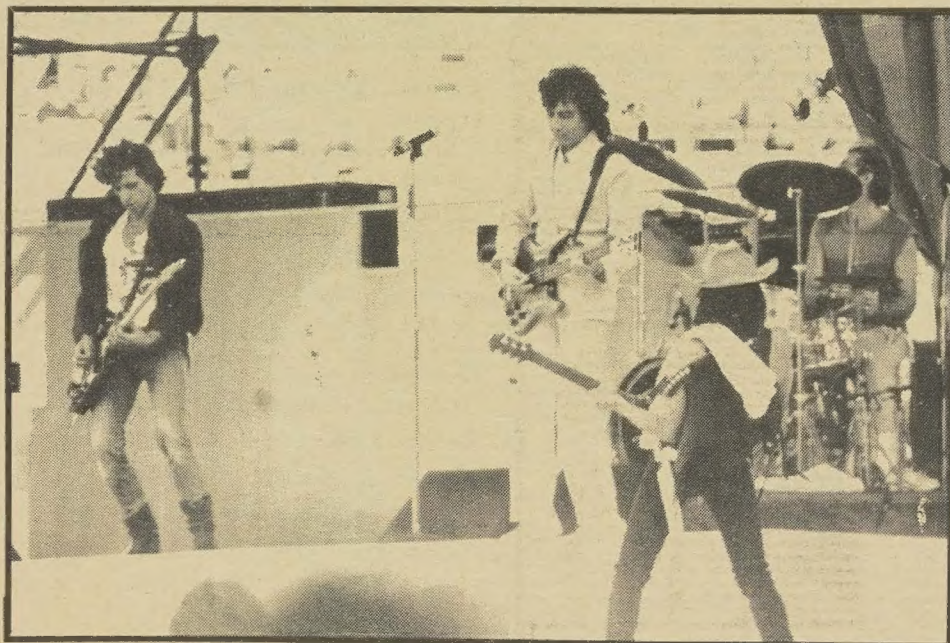
The weather the day before was terrible: cold, rain, wind, etc. I dropped by Nick's Upstreet Bar the night before to see Carl Perkins (who was okay) and Joe Ely (who was great) on the outside chance of having the Glimmer Twins show up, as they sometimes do. I stuck around till 4 a.m. only to come up empty. After a brief sleep, I was headed four hours later to the Cotton Bowl. The weather this day was superb: cloudless, cool and crisp. The opening act, The Fabulous Thunderbirds, played a good set, much better than the response the crowd gave them; ZZ Top put on a good show, much



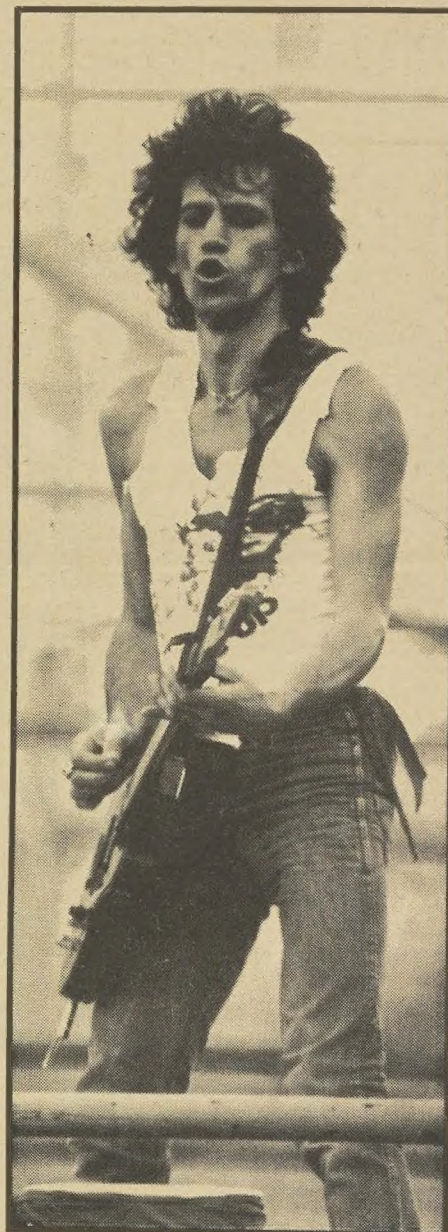
Mick Jagger

Can't Always Get What You Want" was outstanding, as the audience sang along for the chorus. "Tumbling Dice", though, was a travesty; what was their best single of the last ten years sounded like mushy gook. The last five songs weren't spectacular, but were solid enough to stand on their own.

At this stage, I was content — no, glad — that I'd plunked down my \$18.75 to see the Living Legends of Rock and Roll. The show



Oh my God — a picture of Wyman & Watts!



Keith: Chuck who?

later, and the songs from this period were smartly picked: 6 from *Tattoo You*, 5 from *Some Girls* and only 2 from *Emotional Rescue*. They spread their classic singles around: *Let It Bleed* contributed more songs than any pre-*Some Girls* album with three, and most albums only produced one song. None of their 1973 to 1976 albums, *Goat's Head Soup*, *It's Only Rock and Roll* or *Black and Blue*, contributed any material.

Although they performed erratically at first, they buckled down and played hard when the critical final songs had to be performed well, and ultimately they succeeded. All the restless anxiety the crowd built up was carefully ventilated; the Stones have been playing crowds for nearly two decades, and their ability to manipulate them is unsurpassed. But everyone left satisfied, probably with the understanding of why they were so good — they saved their best for last. —RNR

photo by Robbin Cresswell

photo by Robbin Cresswell

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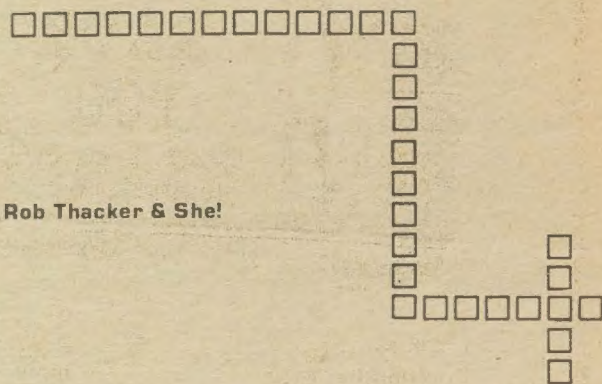
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The Ben Beckendorf Band



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The Models



Rob Thacker & She!

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- # 31—Joe "King" Carrasco, The Busboys, New Wave in S.A.
- # 32—Chuck Berry, Joan Jett, The Blast, The Who
- # 33—Brave New Music Fest, Rainbow, U2, Riot
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- # 35—Iron Maiden, Split Enz
- # 36—Roky Erikson, April Wine
- # 37—Ramones, Icehouse, Utopia
- # 37—Ramones, Icehouse, Utopia
- # 38—Riot, Go-Go's
- # 39—Echo & The Bunnymen, Psychedelic Furs, Icehouse



HOMEGROWN

Cardi's

November 15

Nine local area bands played for free November 15 at Cardi's. These were the groups featured on KISS radio's HOMEGROWN album.

The nine groups include American Peddlers, The Max, Sapphire, Drugstore Cowboys, Ben Beckendorf Band, Mammoth, Rob Thacker & She, Jim Woodward, Mo-Dels and Liquid Sky.

Doors opened at noon and by 1:00 the first band got underway. The bands performed two hour-long sets during the night. Although Cardi's is equipped with two stages, there were long delays between bands early on; as much as an hour. The crowd didn't seem to mind much. Many fans were more concerned about the Dallas Cowboy score or playing pool than what band was playing.

Later in the evening the crowd got larger and the intermission between groups got down to a fast 15 minutes. Many people put down their pool sticks and got out on the dance floor and partied after midnight.

If you missed last month's free show, you can see many of these bands playing around town. The HOMEGROWN album is still available at Sound Warehouse.

**Robbin Cresswell

Vinyl Habits . . . Vinyl Habits . . . Vinyl Habits . . .

99.5 KISS Homegrown Album ★

I've known about this project for some time and I'd hoped it would strive for one or all of these objectives: (1) to have the most popular local bands; (2) to have a fair cross-section of local-based music; (3) to give an idea of what to expect on the average weekend at the live music clubs in towns.

As it turns out, none of these themes were considered when it came time to edit the final ten songs. All you get are four well-known bands: The Max, The Mo-Dels, The Drugstore Cowboys and The American Peddlers, plus six other bands that seem to have formed simply for the sake of this record.

It is ironic and sad that the music here reflects KISS radio's interpretation of

rock'n'roll. Like the station that these groups were weaned on, the songs are mundane, predictable, and just plain dated.

Rock'n'roll is for people who can grab that special something out of the air and turn it into their own sound, whether it be for a song or a career. Rock'n'roll isn't difficult; it just takes some imagination and feeling and the guts to do something different. There are local bands that have this "magic" that should have been on here. Why weren't the Krayolas, Mannequin, Rudy Harst, Claude Morgan & The Blast, as well as other more inventive bands represented?

Listening to these "original" songs makes a good argument in favor of cover bands, because these songs certainly contain no originality or creativity." **Clyde Kimsey

Rumor, Innuendo & Fact . . . Rumor, Innuendo & Fact . . . Rumor, Innuendo & Fact . . . Rumor, Innuendo & Fact



by
CLYDE KIMSEY
Contributing Writer

On October 23, George Thorogood began an unprecedented fifty states in fifty nights tour to prove that they are the toughest touring band on the road today . . . **Abbey Road** is now a live music club. The club has been enlarged and remodeled to accommodate larger crowds. The eighth of this month will be **John Lennon Memorial Night**. DJ Dash Riprock will play John Lennon and Beatle albums exclusively. There will be album giveaways and many other surprises . . .

Stevie Vaughn And Double Trouble from Austin, have gotten several offers from major record companies . . . **Rock'n'Roll Connection** is the biggest and best new club on the South Side . . .

Tom Petty produced the new **Del Shannon** album . . . **Jim Cornell**,

owner of **The Rock Saloon**, bought **The Agora** in Houston which may bring even more national acts to The Rock Saloon as well . . .

K-100 has taken over **KZ-100's** spot and are asking for suggestions concerning a format. Call or send in a letter to Don Housely who is the program director, I did! . . . There has been talk concerning **Jerry Lee Lewis** abandoning rock and roll and playing strictly country and gospel. Well, forget that talk, he's still pumping out "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" as well as other rockers at his live shows. During an interview after one of his rock shows, he took a slug of whiskey straight from the bottle and grinned: "The doctors told me I should have been dead long ago. They said, 'You've got to be a miracle, boy. I don't know how you've living, much less able to go back to work.'" "Well, if I couldn't go back to work, I might as well be dead. No sir, The Killer ain't through yet." . . .

Pink Floyd's album **The Wall** will be made into a movie. **Boomtown Rats'** lead singer **Bob Geldof** will star in it . . . Expect some excellent recordings from three of Texas' most powerful and tightest bands. **The Blame**, from Austin, were recently signed to Capitol-EMI. **The Lerol Brothers**, also from Austin will have a four-song EP out this month. I've heard this rockabilly-based outfit live and heard their demo tapes. We will review this record in the February issue. San Antonio's, **The Krayolas**, will be recording their first album next month on their own label. The tentative title is **The World's Favorite Colored Group!** . . .

The Bottom Line is a new jazz club in St. Paul's Square. They will bring in local as well as major talent. **Stan Getz** is scheduled for the middle of this month . . . **Joe "King" Carrasco** has been signed with MCA Records. **Michael Jackson** will help with background vocals on his next album . . . **Graham Central Station** is bringing small national acts to it's club . . . Local Heavy Metal Band **Seance** has a new lead guitarist and have added a six-foot boa constrictor to their act . . .

Claude Morgan acted as chauffeur in his '62 Rambler for **The Commodores** when they played San Antonio . . . **Jim Beal** has left **IORNR** but despair not. You can find his stories in the entertainment sections of the weekend editions of The San Antonio Express.

Chris Stein and **Debbie Harry** are finishing up an autobiographical book of **Blondie's** early days. The title is **Making Tracks** . . . A lifesize bronze

Joe "King" Carrasco



statue of **John Lennon** now stands in front of the Los Angeles City Hall . . .

The last show of the current **Rolling Stones** tour will be in a small club somewhere in New York City. It will simulcast via closed-circuit video to more than 200 rock clubs across the country . . . Ex-keyboard player for The Doors, **Ray Manzarek** is working on a new solo album . . .

As usual, we will take a break in December, so don't bother looking for a January issue. Have a Merry Christmas and keep those cards and letters coming in. We do consider your ideas and opinions. This is **your** magazine and your suggestions are needed.—RNR

Leon Russell returns to S.A.

by
RON YOUNG
Publisher

Leon Russell has long been one of contemporary rock's more commanding figures. He has repeatedly demonstrated his abilities — writing songs, arranging and producing and performing. From the days when he played in Jerry Lee Lewis' band in 1959 to the Asylum Choir duo with Mark Benno, to touring with Delaney & Bonnie, playing ringmaster in Joe Cocker's Mad Dogs and Englishmen, to his own Shelter People Band, and on to his own interpretations of C&W and Bluegrass music Russell has always been a leader. His high point came when he breathed some rock'n'roll fire in the otherwise listless BanglaDesh concert hosted by George Harrison.

Well, the Master of Space and Time returns to San Antonio December 9 at the Rock Saloon for what could be one of the best concerts of the season. This

time Leon has abandoned his experimental Bluegrass group for a rockin' and rollin' ten-piece band much like his original Shelter People. He'll perform such classics at "Tightrope", "Stranger In A Strange Land", "Hummingbird" and "This Masquerade".

When rock performers surface daily and seem to disappear overnight or remain on the scene awhile regardless of having any easily identifiable personality, Leon Russell stands out to remind us of what a legend is. —Ron Young.



Leon Russell

In Concert . . . In Concert . . . In Concert . . . In Concert . . .

The Bomb Went Pop

IGGY POP
Clubfoot
(Nov. 13, 1981)

You could tell it was going to be a memorable evening. Iggy Pop attracts a special group of people; as Rodney Dangerfield would say, "a rough crowd". Pop rockers Dirty Looks opened the show to a less-than-enthusiastic response. The hecklers were just getting warmed up. It's tough opening for Iggy.

At a little after midnight (you'd figure he'd wait till then) the band featuring Carlos Alomar (of Bowie fame) on guitar, Gary Valentine formerly of Blondie on bass, and Clem Burke, still in Blondie, on drums began playing the opening to "Some Weird Sin" from *Lust For Life*. After seeing Iggy three times previously dressed in bluejeans and a T-

See In Concert, page 15

Merry X-Mas + Happy New Year



have
The Krayolas

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High Times At Ridgemont High
— A True Story
by **Cameron Crowe**
(Simon & Schuster) \$5.95

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to go back to high school? To almost become invisible and meet today's kids and teachers; to find out what's changed and what hasn't, and most of all to relive that seemingly carefree hedonistic existence? For a few hours you can, while reading *Fast Times At Ridgemont High*.

Cameron Crowe, then twenty-two and a free lance writer whose work frequently appears in *Rolling Stone*, wanted to find out what today's high school kids were really like, thus he felt that the only accurate way to write about it was to actually experience it. So, in 1979, he spent a year in Ridgemont High School as a 17-year-old senior. Only the principal

Growing up all over again

FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH

and his teachers knew he was on this writing assignment. The author didn't know what to expect or how to actually

feel the pulse of the high school. But by luck, he fell into the association of the "in crowd" along with a general mixture of students.

Since the book is intended as an insider's view of high school students, Crowe isn't part of the action. The book is told in the third person point of view with Crowe as narrator. From reading some of the private situation it would seem he was invisible. There are about a dozen key students that he writes about, along with encounters and descriptions of some members of the faculty. The most striking teacher is the slightly neurotic Mr. Hand, who intimidates his class in a stern-faced Steve McGarrett (from Hawaii Five-0) fashion. The book is divided into short chapters, each concerning a particular episode in the life of these students.

These "kids", like all teenagers, have a society all their own, though their society's distinctions and characteristics are

rapidly changing as they are forced to mature faster as the established society itself accelerates. Most of the students discussed have jobs, which Crowe thinks robs them of their carefree teen years, although he realizes that these days kids just keep getting harder to find without cash and some wheels.

Several subjects are entered into; we witness: the first sex by two kids, the problems and conflicts of several of the students jobs, dating, class discussions, as well as many of teen's life inside and outside the school. Though it's written about a slightly upper class California high school, it does a good job of representing high school as a whole; at least it makes you feel that way.

Parts of the book may be hard to believe as biographical, though I personally trust the author, but even if some parts were made up or exaggerated, it reads true to life. Supposedly, the characters helped Crowe in retelling their private moments the following summer after he broke his secret to them. The students themselves along with the author's good note-taking and eavesdropping help make this book poignant, entertaining and true.

Anyone that has been through (or is currently attending) high school can identify and relate to one if not several of these teens. I was surprised at some of the things that haven't changed in the 5½ years since I graduated, yet surprised by a lot of things that have changed. Readers may find themselves thinking back with mixed feelings of regret and satisfaction of their own high school days. You might just get a better understanding of yourself and today's teens.—Clyde Kimsey

T-SHIRTS ★ T-SHIRTS ★ T-SHIRTS

Angus Young
Rush
Judas Priest "British Steel"
Black Sabbath

Michael Schenker
R.E.O. (3 styles)
Def Leppard
AC/DC

Lynyrd Skynyrd
Journey
Hendrix (3 styles)
Tom Petty (2 styles)

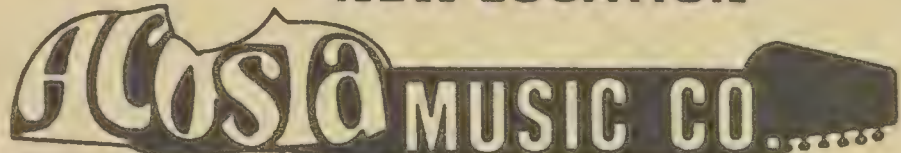
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Making the grade

Christgau's Record Guide
by Robert Christgau

Ticknor and Fields 470 Pages \$9.95

Although the book is very similar in layout to the *Rolling Stone Record Guide*, don't let that fool you. This is not a copy of that book.

Robert Christgau is the record reviewer for the *Village Voice*, who reviews Lps in a capsule form — perfect for a book like this. He grades each album on a scale of E— to A+ and while he doesn't cover as many records as the *Rolling Stone Guide*, he does a more faithful job.

Where the *Rolling Stone Record*

Guide tried to cover every rock album by every major group, Christgau limits himself to the 70s, which he feels is the decade that produced two-thirds of the best Lps in rock history. He does not try to cover every album by every artist but hits upon the highlights. He is interested in good music, rather than bad — lousy Lps tend to be ignored. He does cover the total outputs of major artists but minor groups he passes over. He also takes on Lps that were overhyped.

One never gets the feeling that Christgau is mouthing off here. He is a witty, talented writer, who obviously is in love with music. Unlike the *Rolling Stone Guide*, there is never a feeling that the man didn't listen to what he reviewed. And since he makes no pretensions toward producing the definitive record guide, he is less serious than the *RSG*. In the end, I find myself liking both his approach and his book better. Sure, he's less objective — but he admits it. His tastes are also less conservative and less sentimental. While he has a bias toward New York bands, I can't fault him for that. I'd probably love Television also, if I'd seen them live. On the whole, a worthy bargain. It even has an added bonus — in the back of the book, the author lists 50s and 60s singles and Lps he considers "must own", as well as a list of every Lp he graded A— or higher in the book. He also goes into an interesting explanation of how his column evolved and what the grading system means. Unobjective, incomplete, witty, incisive and insightful— A+, Mr. Christgau, A+—David Arthur

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Alternative TV/Stronge Kicks

(IRS) ★★★½

What? A new — another ATV album? What-ever happened to the Good Missionaries, The Door and the Window? Hell — Whatever happened to Alternative TV, fer cryin' out loud?

Well, whatever — here it is, *Strange Kicks* — all new material (well, almost) and everything. By far, the most commercial (no cringing, please) Lp to be released under the ATV moniker. A couple of new people — Ray Weston, drums, and Alan Gruner, keys. The rest of the "band" — Dennis Burns, Alex Ferguson and the eternal Mark Perry, are world famous in parts of the world.

I've been listening to the record (for the first time) while writing, and — I must be honest — so far, I like what I hear. But then, I haven't gotten to "My Hand Is Still Wet" yet — an earlier version, on the "Live At The Rat Club '77" was indistinguishable. Of the toons I have heard, two — "Strange Kicks" and "Mirror Bay" are quite nice, thank you. Remember "Life After Life?" Similar to that. You *don't* remember "Life After Life?" Oh well, it was a Great Song.

This album ain't nothing like I'd expect from these guys. Which is not to say it's bad — only different. Hard to believe it's the same guys sometimes. I like just about everything ATV has done so far — which is a *lot* — and that includes "Strange Kicks".

Oh yeah — if and when you obtain this album, listen to the music and throw away the godawful cover. No, really. **Mark Champion

U2/October (Island) ★★★

After last year's mucho-hyped debut, *Boy*, everyone expected big things from these Irish boys. And on tour, they delivered, packing a high energy punch. They broke the Top 40 even.

October seems to be their attempt to *Abbey Road*. The fragments that make up side two, however, are *ONLY* fragments. And they're slow, at that. They've yet to figure out that a slow song demands tension. The fast ones on side one are better than the fast ones on *Boy*. Is this progress? **David Arthur

Carolyn Mas/Modern Dreams

(Mercury) ★★

This is Carolyn's third baby step — her third album. It's her first sign of faltering. On her first Lp she came on like a rock'n'rollin' Janis Ian, but not as precious as Ian. She flexed some muscle on the rave-ups and showed her true colors as a female Springsteen in the making. Her second Lp *Hold On*, proved my observation to be right. Her band indeed had the potential to help her make the transition from just another girl singer to a for-real rocker. The songs on the second album also had more punch to them and there weren't as many ballads.

This third album should have been the one to turn the trick, but alas it fails to deliver the promise of those earlier efforts. True, there are some fine songs here, most notably side two's Blondiesque "Laurielle" and the infectious numbers "Dirty Lying" and "Love Like Stone". But overall the album is more meandering than the first and without the

★★★★ — Excellent.
A "must" album.

★★★★ — Very good.
A solid effort.

★★★ — Good.
Worth a chance.



★★ — Mediocre.
Inconsistent or just lacking in some way.

★ — Poor.
Waste of time.

○ Frisbee.
The only thing it's good for.

charm or the same quality those songs had. Still she's worth at least one more shot.

**Ron Young

Ted Nugent/Great Gonzos

(Epic) ○ Frisbee

I fully expected a blank piece of vinyl. We should be so lucky. I've yet to hear the whole thing — I keep falling asleep in the middle of it — well, actually, right after the first three notes. A great Christmas buy — note how it was cleverly marketed just in time for the holidays — so buy it for the insomniac in your life. He'll be glad you did. **David Arthur

The Rods/The Rods (Arista) ★★★½

I know what you're saying. You're saying, "Oh no! This is just another punk offering who take their name from an inanimate object." Well, this time the inanimate object represents a talent of the heavy metal persuasion. That's right, the Rods are the latest in heavy metal. The band includes David "Rock" Feinstein on guitar, who, after lending some hot guitar to the debut Elf album, went into a deep woods ten year seclusion. Emerging with his newly formed band, Feinstein delivers an album that as a whole is nothing original, but is based on the conception that rock should be played hard. And hard it is, sometimes. Certainly "Crank It Up," and "Nothing Goin' On In The City" fit the no-holds-barred metal mode, but songs like "Get Ready For Rock-n-Roll," and "Ace In The Hole" have Triumph written all over them. The Rods seem to incorporate several of the big name metal bands into a sound of their own. Granted, their style is not particularly original, but they do offer some good hard rock with some excellent solos. I look forward to seeing where the band will go. **Cliff Dunn



Debbie Harry/Kookoo (Chrysalis) ★

This is a silly and embarrassing record from a once promising talent. I can't say that it's a disappointing record since this sort of music is just what I expected from Debbie Harry after listening to *Autoamerican* and reading about how great she thought Chic was and how eager she was to record with them.

If I hear this record on the radio I will surely change stations which is ironic because I used to request Blondie songs in their pre-"Heart of Glass" days. Two months before "Heart of Glass" was released (five months after the album) I called up KTSA's Program

Director Charlie Brown. He said he couldn't play this group because they were an obscure German punk band (not a Manhattan pop revivalist band which they were). Nowadays both Debbie Harry and Blondie are neither one. The joke is on us *all*! **Clyde Kimsey

A haunting



The Police/Ghost In the Machine

(A&M) ★★★½

I fully expected the new Police Lp to be as boring, and safe as last year's *Zenyatta Mondatta*. What I got instead was a bright and adventuresome Lp, full of bold chances and equally bold gains.

The addition of horns, synthesizers and backing vocals to the group's sound has realized possibilities only hinted at on previous Police Lps. Sting's tragic vocals, full of angst and concern, are buoyed as usual by his bass playing and Andy Summers' melodic chordbursts. The additional instruments add depth to the music and "jazz" things up — sometimes a little too much. Yet the chaos that always seems imminent never quite materializes — just as the global disasters that Sting is singing about have yet to show. Let's hope in both cases, they don't.

**David Arthur

Athanas/Davenport/If It's Not One Thing . . . It's Another

(Closet Records) ★★★

Charley Athanas used to play synthesizer behind Rudy Harst before that daring duo split. Gary Davenport is the leader of the local Euro-rock band Mannequin. Just before Athanas left town (to tour the mid-west with some play) he teamed up with Davenport to record this curious collection of seven musical pieces. Whether or not this is, indeed, deep stuff or just cosmic fluff is debatable. It is, however, very good and interesting music, especially to be coming out of San Antonio.

Much of the extended-play record is made up of aural exercises, the best being Davenport's spacey undulating instrumental "Akhdan" and Athanas' "The Pirates of 1920". "Symbols", the only track that has vocals, is a haunting melody whose dragging rhythm perfectly captures the tone of the lyrics which deal with civilization's eventual demise.

The other musicians who backed the pair include the incomparable drummer Steve Hartwell (who plays in The Blast), George Gaytan on viola, and Stacy Underwood on bass and percussion. Byron Smith worked miracles as the engineer to help make this the clearest production yet for Closet Records.

**Ron Young

Chuck E. Weiss/The Other Side Of Town (Select Records) ★★★

This is Chuck E. Weiss' debut Lp. Chuck E. is the hero of Rickie Lee Jones' hit single "Chuck E.'s In Love", also a cohort of Tom Waits, in case you didn't know. He's also a songwriter and singer ala Waits. Although, he waxes less poetic than Waits, he's apt to be less maudlin about the characters that populate his songs.

The album (only \$5.98 list) contains eight songs that range from a good timey version of "Saturday Night Fish Fry" (why is everyone covering Louis Jordan these days?), to Waitsonian piano strolls and monologues like "Luigi's Starlite Lounge", to R&B-based tunes like the title cut, and adolescent rockers like "Gina".

Besides the Doors-like "Sparky" and the Jordan tune, the best song is a lazy-Waits-styled ballad called "Sidekick" that features an endearing duet with Rickie Lee Jones (although she's not credited, it's unmistakably her). Rickie Lee gives one of her finest vocal performances here as she warps her rangy voice around the easy melody like an ivy around a trellis.

I look upon Weiss as some sort of modern day Neal Cassady to Waits' Jack Kerouac. Weiss seems to be more of an inspiration to Waits and Jones than a songwriter in his own right. However, he can sing fairly well (more range than Waits) and with his next album perhaps he'll come more into his own.

**Ron Young

Jean Michael Jarre /Magnetic Fields (Polydor) ★★★

The reason why *Oxygene* was such a universally accepted electronic record was that it was subtle, soothing and romantic. It was relaxing and stirred one's imagination to its limits; qualities which are rare in today's record market outside of some avant garde groups that only a few can appreciate.

Jean Michael Jarre, along with Vangelis, seems to break the "robot" stereotype concerning electronic music. Their recordings aren't the stale, cold, and choppy music that characterizes Kraftwerk, among others.

Magnetic Fields is better than *Equinoxe*, though not quite as good as *Oxygene*.

*Clyde Kimsey

The Babys/Anthology

(Chrysalis) ★½

If slick, arty pop-rock that stands up as a third-rate Foreigner is your bag, then allow me to introduce you to the Babys. Nothing remarkable — nothing period, now that you mention it. All their sappy singles are here, along with more silt that graced their last five albums, plus a previously unreleased live version of Bairret Strong's "Money". Respecting rock fans will graciously pass. **Tim Lawless

Vinyl Habits . . . Vinyl Habits . . . Vinyl Habits . . . Vinyl Habits . . . Vinyl Habits . . . Vinyl Habits . . . Vinyl

Blondie/The Best of Blondie

(Chrysalis)

★★★★½

You know its getting on in years when New Wave groups start compiling enough material to release Greatest Hits packages, and Blondie, who has more albums than any other well-known New Wave band, is unsurprisingly the first in this field. Amid all the whimpering that Blondie has sold-out, gone commercial, etc., etc., etc., let's not forget that their early stuff isn't diametrically opposed to what they've done in the past two years. "Heart of Glass" or "Call Me" are catchy pop singles; detractors will cry they are "MOR disco," but let's face it: it's not like disco is anti-rock or communism or the clap or anything. And this album is wise enough to be beefed up by four songs off their first two albums: A good collection for the uninitiated, although *Blondie* or *Parallel Lines* are certainly the albums any legitimate Blondie fan must own. **Tim Lawless

Daryl Hall and John Oates/Private Eyes

(RCA)

★★★

Hall and Oates are probably the best pop songwriting team of the later Seventies/early Eighties (replacing Elton John and Bernie Taupin of the middle Seventies). Carefully crafted, gimmicky pop-soul? Sure. But they can write such catchy pleasant melodies that you needn't be concerned about their lightweight approach. They can utilize more black influences effectively than you can shake a stick at (my God, is that a reggae refrain on "Mano a Mano"?). Good vocals, slick production: a perfect change of pace from straight rock and roll. **Tim Lawless

Frank Zappa/You Are What You Is

(Barking Pumpkin)

★★★★ (?ed.)

Frank Zappa hasn't done anything innovative in quite a few years and his latest album is no exception. But that doesn't keep *You Are What You Is* from being his best Lp in a long time.

Zappa has always been known for his social commentaries, and his latest two-record set is just that and little else, but a lot better. The material is a lot stronger and it's more cohesive than recent efforts. It even reminds me of a 1980's version of *We're Only In It For The Money*, arguably Zappa's finest moment. Sure it's not up to that fine work, but after the last few years' mediocre efforts, *You Are What You Is*, while nothing original, restores a little of the faith.

A couple of old friends are back; Jimmy Carl Black (the Indian of the group) is the guest vocalist on "Harder Than Your Husband", which with any luck could be a country novelty hit. Motorhead Sherwood also returns on tenor sax and snorks! America circa 1980 is the butt of most of these songs (Coneheads, Charlie perfume, new wave, drugs).

After the last few albums, I was having my doubts, but he proved it can be done — a Frank Zappa album relatively free of four-letter words! The message comes through loud and clear but without the 'Cheepnis' (remember that?) of the past. Where's my waitress?

**Jeff Webb

Johnny Copeland/Copeland Special

(Rounder)

★★★

Coming out of Houston's steamy urban blues scene Copeland plays guitar, sings and shouts, and leads a big band blues outfit much like his mentor T-Bone Walker did from the 40s to the 70s. While no one will ever play the guitar like T-Bone, Johnny's no slouch. He doesn't have the smooth vocal delivery the master did either, as Johnny's mostly a shout-er, but the cat is good. He's attracted some top notch musicians to back him here in the likes of saxophonist Arthur Blythe and trumpeter Yusef Yancey among others. This Rounder recording is excellent in that it captures a live studio feel and hopefully it will bring Copeland the attention he and this form of modern blues deserves, since big band blues is almost all but gone save for B.B. King, who was also influenced by the late, great, Mr. Walker. **Ron Young.

Lene Lovich/New Toy

(Stiff-Epic)

★

Ms. Lovich's latest picks up where her last album left off. More of the gliding rhythms, echoy Ono-inspired vocals, and synthesizer-driven pop. It's not bad stuff, but after a year since her last release one wonders why she and her partner Les Chappell could only come up with six songs. Too much of it is instrumental filler, too, and that's what makes this set even more disappointing. Still, the title cut and "Special Star" make it worth having. Perhaps it's just a teaser sampler of excess tunes like the one Joan Armatrading issued last year before her next full-scale album. One can only hope. **Ron Young

Cliff Richard/Wired for Sound

(EMI America)

★

He earned his name in England in the fifties being an Elvis imitator, and now he's copying Elton John. Mushy, pedestrian and overblown, but aside from that, it's really pathetic. Anyone who sings something like "'Cos I Love Rock and Roll" and makes it sound like the Bee Gees on valium has no business in the field of rock. So devoid of emotion, he makes Barry Mantilow sound like James Brown on a hot night. **Tim Lawless

Rage & roll

Ultravox/Rage In Eden

(Chrysalis)

★★★★

Although not as haunting as last year's *Vienna*, *Rage* is yet another example of excellent experimentalism from this British synthesizer quintet. Guitarist/vocalist Midge Ure is quite at home among the dream-like surroundings of *Rage* and the Greek chorus-like effect that the band uses as backing vocals is an excellent mood setter.

The main problem here is one of mood — *Vienna* cohered better than this Lp does. It seemed to be a seamless whole, where *Rage* lets some threads show through. But this band has yet to stop coming up with good ideas. On *Rage*, they may conflict with each other but they ARE good ideas. **David Arthur



Meatloaf/Dead Ringer

(Epic)

★★

More bluster and bombast from Mr. Loaf and his mouthpiece Jim Steinman. If you were one of the millions of fans who bought that first overblown opera from a comic book mind, then you'll be glad to know that this is more of the same.

The album again features the playing of some of rock's finest musicians: Max Weinberg and Roy Bittan of Bruce Springsteen's gang, Mick Ronson partner of Ian Hunter, and Davey Johnstone ex-guitarist for Elton and Alice, among others. Even Cher, on yet another career comeback, sings with the Loaf on "Dead Ringer For Love."

Despite the excellent playing and Meatloaf's tempest of a voice the album just doesn't move me. Now maybe if they stopped ripping off Springsteen and got some original ideas of their own, but I doubt it. **Ron Young

David Johansen/Here Comes The Night

(BlueSky)

★★★

After last year's dip into the chic and trendy with his discofied second album *Daring Dave* returns with an album almost worthy of comparison to his first kick-out-the-jams solo Lp. Strong material helps like the power-packed "She Loves Strangers" and "Bohemian Love Pad". David's toned down his bombast here and kept the biting guitars up front. Good quality-controlled hard rock fare with expert assistance from Blondie Chaplin and the much-missed Elliot Murphy who contributes the fine wistful ballad "Heart of Gold". **Ron Young

Pretenders/Pretenders II

(Sire)

★★★★

Let's give Chrissie and Co. credit. Their debut last year was a fine effort, but seemed a bit derivative of the New Wave movement, in general. But it was no fluke. The material here is solid as a rock, and Chrissie Hynde's cool, erotic vocals are the most evocative around. Really thick guitar lines pervade most of the tracks, and that reliance on hooks makes this album too top heavy in its sound, which hurts the album's flexibility after protracted listenings. "Bad Boys Get Spanked" is too blatant a pander to her male audience (or her fantasies); but the successive slow numbers, "I Go to Sleep" (her obligatory Kink's cover) and "Birds of Paradise" are used to good effect. Overall, a good, solid effort, the best tracks being "Message of Love", "Birds", the scathing "Pack It Up" and "The English Roses". The Pretenders are bridging the gap between AM radio and the best in current rock and roll. Hats off to you, guys. **Tim Lawless

Bob Welch/Bob Welch

(RCA)

★★

Bob scored a surprise hit in 1978 with "Sentimental Lady", a pleasant little pop ditty that seemed a fitting justice for the ex-Flatwood Mack guitarist who never quite got the respect he deserved. Since then, he's been floundering, though, and his latest eponymous album isn't any better. Goes to show you a band can be much greater than the sum of their parts. **Tim Lawless



Rickie Lee Jones/Pirates

(Warner Bros.)

★★★

Two years ago a pretty blonde beatnik bopped her way onto the top of the pop charts and into the hearts of record buyers everywhere with the hottest debut album in recent memory. It wasn't just the exciting hit songs like the bouncy grooves of "Chuck E.'s In Love" and "Danny's All-Star Joint" that made Rickie Lee different, it was the cool street-wise hipster persona she portrayed in her songs. Sort of a female Tom Waits, copping

Billie Holiday's vocal chords and wearing a red beret. She had style and her songs struck a chord somewhere in the back of your mind and stayed there. They were forged in a nocturnal neon world peopled with poets, losers, lovers, and saints.

But then Rickie Lee did a slow fade, not to be heard from for two years. *Pirates* is the result from those years and it's a pocketful of mostly moody stream-of-consciousness songs akin to Van Morrison's *Astral Weeks*. Unfortunately though, it's not *Astral Weeks*, nor is it much like her first album either. Not that I wanted a remake.

What makes *Pirates* different from that first album is that the characters on it were better developed. Here they're barely rough sketches, just names the listener doesn't know well enough to care much about. These particular story-songs are rather unfocused ideas that all too often fall victim to verbiage as they run out of melody line — like a long

walk off a short pier.

Other things that hurt the album are Rickie Lee's penchant for slurring syllables, singing too low as if to herself, and occasionally singing off mike. All of these often render her poetry unintelligible. This happened on her first album too, but not as much. It makes me glad that she includes a lyric sheet, but even so they are sometimes too private for anyone other than her to comprehend.

Rickie Lee does get much of her feeling across, however, in wordless vocalizing and scat singing. The feelings conveyed and her concern for her characters, plus her unique phrasing and mellifluous voice, are what save *Pirates*.

It's usually true that most artists can't make a better album than their debut effort because they've been honing those songs for so long, living in them even. That second album is all the more difficult to follow up if it was as big a hit as was Ms. Jones'. **Ron Young

In Concert... In Concert... In Concert... In Concert... In Concert... In Concert... In Concert... In Concert... In

Pop from p 11

shirt, when he strutted on stage looking like Marlon Brando in drag, I was surprised to put it mildly. Somehow, it seemed to fit.

He was happier than I've ever seen him. His new material reflects that. He did four songs off *Party* highlighted by faster versions of "Eggs On Plate" and "Bang Bang", and a rousing "Houston Is Hot Tonight." He pulled out an unexpected version of "1969" off the first Stooges album, and his recollections of that band in "Dum Dum Boys" from the underrated *The Idiot*. Mysteriously absent were any songs from his collaborations with James Williamson, *Raw Power*, *Kill City* or *New Values*.

Of course, the hecklers were still there. When they weren't hurling vulgarities and giving obscene ges-

photo by Robbin Cresswell



Iggy Pop has lost his pants...

tures, Iggy was being pelted by ice and doused with beer and water. The Ig was in fine form throughout.

After an all too short 50 minutes he left only to return five minutes later with a mention of a bomb threat during "Night Clubbing". I didn't think anything of it until ten minutes later I found myself standing outside watching the police go in to sweep the building. Is this Iggy's way of saying 'goodnight'? I knew I'd never forget this evening.**Jeff Webb

Shock Rock

ALICE COOPER
October 27
Cardi's

photo by Clyde Kimsey



Alice Cooper: Remember me?

Alice Cooper performed his patented brand of shock'n'roll last month at Cardi's. Although, many critics and fans alike have felt for some time that the Coop was all washed up, he and his band, which included Mike Pinera on lead guitar, proved that even though he may not be a rock king anymore he's still got pride and talent.

Cardi's was wall-to-wall people on a Tuesday night. And even though the show didn't start until 11:30 everyone stayed to see their favorite ghoul rock the Halloween-spirited crowd.

Cooper's newest incarnation is that of some mad mercenary leading his guerrilla band and plundering cities across the face of Amerika. At least half of the set was made up of newer tunes from Cooper's last two albums, the best being a cover of the old Love workhorse "Seven and Seven Is", and a Gary Numan-ish "Klones".

The best part of the show was when Cooper's Troupers performed his vintage songs. "I'm Eighteen" got only a perfunctory run-through but he did bring out his snake for added thrills. "No More Mr. Nice Guy" and "Billion Dollar Babies" still sounded good after all these years. The Coop did his best

Sinatra impersonation when he crooned "I Never Cry" and "Only Women Bleed". But the hottest numbers were the incendiary rock tunes "Under My Wheels" and "Generation Landslide". Alice encored with is perennial favorite "School's Out" for the final nudge over the edge.

Concert Follies

**BLACKFOOT/DEF LEPPARD
AND THE ROADIES?**
Arena
November 22

The air was electric with anticipation in the Convention Center Arena as the awaiting crowd of heavy metal fans sat through yet another AC/DC warm-up song. The time was 8:05 and the concert, slated to begin at 7:30, had yet to begin. At 8:10, the house lights were finally dimmed, as the crowd surged at the initial sounds of guitar tuning and drum rolling.

I was, as well as many others there, surprised to see not Blackfoot, but Def Leppard take to the stage to open the final show of their 1981 American tour. Though local newspaper and radio advertising had billed Def Leppard as the top act and major attraction, it was not to be. As Def Leppard soon discovered, many things would not go as planned that fateful evening.

Despite poor mixing and a generally muddled sound, I was with certain consternation, able to discern the opening number to be "On Through the Night", from their latest Mercury release "High 'N Dry". Lead vocalist Joe Elliot was experiencing considerable difficulty raising his vocal offerings, above the cacophonous wail produced by twin axemen Steve Clark and Pete Willis, and after equally mediocre renditions of "It Could Be You" and "It Don't Matter" from their debut Lp, the overall quality of sound and mixing showed little, if any, improvement.

Suddenly, the overhead stage lighting began to sway and seconds later, to the shock of both audience and performers alike, a white sheet was draped as a backdrop by one of the Roadies. It was boldly emblazoned in black lettering, strikingly similar to the Def Leppard logo, with the words "Dik Licker". The band feigned lack of interest, continuing to play, yet this intrusion of their stage presence clearly added further problem to their already faltering performance. Little did they know it was only to be a beginning of harrassment.

The overhead lights were swaying once again, more violently, and this time

a Roadie was on the structure climbing to a position near the stage front. He began dropping massive quantities of ping pong balls and shaving cream onto the stage and Def Leppard members. A Roadie dressed in a pink leopard costume, complete with spots, tights, ears and tail, bounded across the stage running into band members and causing general disruption and chaos in the middle of the show.

Needless to say, Def Leppard wasn't laughing and neither was the crowd, who appeared to sit in dumb amazement trying to figure out just what WAS going on.

The band did well to finish the set, though credit seems due, as the British lads managed to keep a "stiff upper lip" throughout the fiasco made of their show and continued playing, though obviously angry. They reappeared for one encore of "Wasted", which as it seemed, was a near-perfect description of what the Blackfoot Roadies had just done to their set.

Following a short break between acts, the "Dik Licker" sheet came down and Blackfoot took to the stage to deliver their own brand of country/blues influenced southern heavy metal, opening with "Gimme, Gimme, Gimme" from the *Tomcat* Lp, soon followed by nostalgic versions of Randy California's (Spirit) "I Got A Line on You" and the Kossoff/Rodgers (Free) / Kirk classic "Wishing Well."

Guitarist/vocalist Rick Medlocke paused briefly in the set to comment on the virtues of consuming Jack Daniels, and gave some insight to the unusual events of the evening, hinting the end of the tour and conflict between the bands as reasons for the "hell raising" going on.

Drummer Jackson Spires, bassist Greg T. Walker, and guitarist Charlie Hargret combined with Medlocke, to present a razor-sharp, and obviously crowd-pleasing, performance for the remainder of the show. They reappeared for two encores, the ever-popular "Free Bird" influenced "Highway Song" and finally "Rattle-snake rock and roller" from their current ATCO release "Marauder".**Mark Tindall

Concert Calendar



San Antonio

Dec. 9 Don McLean/Cardi's
Dec. 1 Jerry Jeff Walker/New West
Dec. 4 Vic Vergat/Cardi's
Dec. 6 Harlequin/Rock Saloon
Dec. 6 Johnny Van Zandt/Cardi's
Dec. 8 Tommy Tutone/Rock Saloon
Dec. 9 Leon Russell/Rock Saloon
Dec. 9 Stephen Stills/Cardi's
Dec. 13 Joe 'King' Carrasco/Rock Saloon
Dec. 17 Gary Myrick/Rock Saloon
Jan. 6 The Guess Who/Cardi's

Austin

Dec. 1 Hughes-Thrall Band/Clubfoot
Dec. 2 Los Microwaves/Clubfoot
Dec. 5 Ritchie Havens/Steamboat Springs
Dec. 6 Tommy Tutone/Paramount
Dec. 7 Earth, Wind & Fire/Erwin Ctr.
Dec. 10 Leon Russell/Clubfoot
Dec. 11 Neil Diamond/Erwin Center
Dec. 12 The Blasters/Leroi Bros./Clubfoot
Dec. 16 Gary Myrick/Operahouse
Dec. 19 Suburban Lawns/Clubfoot



Clubfoot, 110 E. 4th, Austin, 1-472-4345
Paramount Theater, 713 Congress,
Austin, 1-472-5411

Manor Downs, P.O. Drawer T, Manor,
TX 78653, 1-272-5581

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(Clubs Only), 1-441-9191 (Major
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Third Coast, 5555 N. Lamar, Austin,
1-454-5011

Frank Erwin Center (Superdrum), P.O.
Box 2929, Austin, TX 78769,
1-477-6060

JAM Productions, Concert Line,
828-6351

Stone City, Concert Line 341-7074

Cardi's, 1534 Bandera Rd., 432-5116

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